

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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NOTICES.

JUST PUBLISHED, (*Price Half-a-crown*),
COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.
Intended for the use of Schools and of
Young Persons in general; but, more
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The first three Numbers of the present
Volume of the Register have been re-printed,
and are now on sale at the Publisher's, 34,
Wardour Street, Soho.—No. 1 and No. 2 are
on the subject of the *Paper-Money Puff-Out*,
and No. 3 is the celebrated Letter to the
Duke of Sussex.

TO

JOHN CARTWRIGHT, Esq.

LETTER X.

*On the conduct of Sir Francis Burdett and that of Mr. Hunt.—
Dinner in honour of the Major.*

North Hampstead, Long Island,
10th Oct. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I now come to the last part of my
observations upon the conduct of the
Baronet and that of Mr. Hunt, during
the late contest at Westminster. It
is my intention to speak now, in a
more particular manner than I have
hitherto spoken, of the base conduct
of the Baronet towards Mr. Hunt.
And here, I beg leave to premise,
that I shall, to the full extent, *impute*
all the acts of the agents to the prin-
cipal, unless it can be shown, that
that principal has, in some way or

other, *disavowed* the acts, of which I
complain. This is the rule of the
law: that which a man does by
another; that is to say, that which a
man *causes another to do, he does*
himself. That the Rump and Cleary
were the agents of the Baronet no man
can sincerely doubt. And, that they
procured the miserable interference of
Dowling is equally clear. For, can
any body suppose, that this man would
have *volunteered* in an affair, which
necessarily exposed him to legal as
well as to personal danger? Thus
did these agents combine with this
man too, as well as (if my suspicions
are right) with a notoriously fraudu-
lent forger!

There was something so unnatural in
the hostility of your pretended friends
towards Mr. Hunt, that it is impossi-
ble to trace it to any cause *but one*;
and especially if we consider them as
having, previous to that hostility, been
sincere with regard to you. What
could make *them* hostile towards him?
There was, indeed, good cause for the
hostility of the Rump. They had
been detected, exposed, blown up by
him. Their scheme of introducing
Kinnaird had been defeated by him;
for, if he had not come forward, it is
as clear as day-light, that the Baronet
and his understrapper, his *bouche-trou*,

his stop-gap, his cat's paw, his toad-eater, Kinnaird, would have walked over the course. This is very clear; for *your friends* had not attempted to make any resistance; and, had it not been for the opening made by Mr. Hunt, the *division* that he made, the rascally Rump and the Baronet would have pocketed Westminster most completely. It is very clear that *your friends* would not have lifted a finger against Kinnaird; and, if proof were wanted of this, it would be found in the fact of their afterwards joining in the cause of the Baronet, *by whom*, as they well knew, Kinnaird had been foisted in as a candidate.

For the hostility of the Rump against Mr. Hunt there was, therefore, ground as good as heart could wish; but, for that of *your friends* there appears to have been, supposing them *sincere*, no grounds at all. Mr. Hunt's interference in Westminster, had, for several years, had no other object than that of preventing the Rump and the Baronet from being able to *shut you out*, whenever a vacancy should happen. This fact, well known to all *your friends*, was, one would have thought, calculated to make them *love* Mr. Hunt. He had now, indeed, an additional motive, namely to *oppose the Baronet*, unless the Baronet would distinctly pledge himself to support *your principles of Reform*. But this was, in the natural order of things, an additional ground for the good will of *your friends*. What, then, could *make them hostile towards Mr. Hunt*? They had seen, that Mr. Hunt's manifesto had, all of a sudden, converted

the Baronet from his householder plan to that of Universal Suffrage, and that he had, with expedition quite unusual with him, and just at the close of the session, even made a motion, though in a ridiculous manner, in favour of universal suffrage. Now, notwithstanding the ridicule which the manner of making this motion was calculated to excite; still the motion was made; the Baronet had given proof of his sudden conversion; and there was not a soul in the kingdom who did not ascribe this almost miraculous event to the manifesto of Mr. Hunt. Therefore, seeing that Mr. Hunt *had offered himself*; seeing that you *had not offered yourself*; seeing that *your friends had remained silent*; and seeing that the Rump *had bargained with the Baronet and Kinnaird*; seeing all this, what was the natural course for *your friends* to pursue, supposing them to have been *sincere*? Why, to be sure, to *associate you with Mr. Hunt*, or, to *join Mr. Hunt against all the world*.

The patriotism and consistency of these gentlemen led them, it seems, to pursue a very different course. They first tendered you as the *opponent*, not of the Baronet, who had been intriguing against you, but of Mr. Hunt, who had, for years, been labouring for you against the intrigues of the Baronet! In short, your friends, dropping you altogether, soon formed a coalition with the Rump against Mr. Hunt and in favour of the Baronet! And the two became, at last, so completely identified, that there was CLEARY, one of your mock

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friends, mounted on the *white charger*, just before St. Pocomo's Chair, while Brooks and Sturch, the leaders of the Rump, came close behind it in an open landau! And, observe, my dear Sir, this was *at the very moment* when the types in Mr. WOOLER'S office were arranging themselves into the order in which they conveyed to the public your excellent letter in *condemnation of this very Rump!*

Of a coalition so entirely destitute of principle, every thing vile, in the way of motive, may fairly be presumed; and from it every thing vile, in the way of action, was to be expected. But, still, a *forged letter*, and that, too, for purposes so detestable as those of *wringing the heart of woman*, and of *setting two friends together by the ears*, was something, which even I, with all my knowledge of the Rump, did not anticipate. Sidmouth, Oliver, Castlereagh, Castles, Canning, Cross, Col. Fletcher of Bolton, Parsons Powis and Guillian, the Bathursts, Lord and Bragge; all these, if they had clubbed their inventive powers, never would have thought of such a thing! But, "there was *provocation*." Provocation! Provocation to *do what*? Provocation to blacken a *woman*; a lady, whom none of the parties, except Sir Francis Burdett, had ever seen? But, stop. This was so infamous a transaction, that it must be put upon record in due form. We must have all the names: all the dates; all the documents; for, if the villains concerned in this transaction escape, finally, from just punishment, a Reform will be a thing very despicable indeed.

Sir Francis Burdett, whom we had, by our generosity, by the exertion of *our talent*, by our words put into his mouth; by our writings transcribed by him; by, in short, *our own talent*: this man, made great in public estimation by such means, was guilty of baseness in deserting us. This baseness was thought to be unparalleled: it was thought to be such even by those who were not aware of the everlasting obligations that the man was under to several of us, and especially to me. What, then, would such persons have thought of this desertion, if they had known, that the crowing thing had scarcely a feather, which had ever been admired, except those that had been stuck upon it by me? Faith! he was unfortunate in his play-house gabble, when he called on "men, who *ignoble* 'by nature, had put on the Lion's skin,' to 'doff it, for shame, and hang a 'calf's skin on their recreant limbs.'" A most unfortunate quotation! I will, before I have done, shew who it is that has been wearing the Lion's skin, when he ought to have been wearing that of the calf.

However, this stripping of the calf; this plucking of the jackdaw; this undressing of the Crown-and-Anchor Doll: this must be reserved for a future occasion, when I come to comment on the Doll's letter to Mr. BRYANT, saying that it could not, "as an *honest man*," wish me to be in parliament! I will, in a Register, to follow two or three others after this, give a plain history of every thing that has ever passed between

this Baronet and me. I was hardly on ship-board, as I have since found (but which I did not find for months afterwards), when he began to cause to be circulated, through all the newspapers, that the *real cause* of my going away, was my *debts*, and, in part, *my debts to him!* I now know this for fact; and, I promise the public, both in America and in England, a full and true account of the whole matter. I wait for a letter, which I expect to receive very shortly; and, when I get it, I will give the world a full-length portrait of a real monster of meanness, hypocrisy, perfidy, and ingratitude. I shall not do this from any feeling of duty either towards myself, or towards the people; for he has done me no harm by his malicious efforts; he can do me none, for his word is not now worth a straw; and, as to *the people*, he never can do them any more harm, they having no trust in him. But, I shall undress this Doll merely for fun. We of the "*Lower Orders*" will have a laugh at the high-b'ooded thing, whose gangling limbs we have so long kept covered with a decent garb. What Devil; what malicious imp was it that tempted the Baronet thus to almost compel us to expose him in his true colours? What an ill-natured imp it must have been! To puff him up in this way; to make him forget the past; to blind him as to the future; to induce him so to act as to leave himself wholly unsheltered by any obligation of secrecy, or reserve, express or tacit! What a cruel Devil

to induce this man to throw the first stone, and to continue to throw stones against his adversary's *conjugal infidelity!* What a cruel Devil, to make the Rump *reproach* their hero's *opponent* with a want of strict conformity to the promises contained in the marriage-ceremony! What a wicked and fraudulent Devil, to inveigle money from the Baronet to be laid out in placards, telling his opponent to "*go home to his wife!*"

However, leaving this sporting Devil, for the present, to that remorse of conscience, which a recollection of his tricks is so well calculated to excite, let us trace the conduct of the Baronet's white-horse Agent, Cleary, until we arrive at the close of the election; for, in the acts of this man, we have the history, fully written, of the Baronet's foul play upon this occasion.

This CLEARY, who had been the Baronet's authorised agent in the work of founding Country Hampden Clubs; who had been deserted by the Baronet, and who had called him (in my hearing and that of another credible witness) by all the names descriptive of a deserter, a coward, and a mean wretch: this Cleary, who told me, that the Baronet *shuffled* out of presenting his memorable petition by pretending it was *too humble*, and by saying, "*I'd see them damned before I'd present such a petition to them!*" this Cleary, who laughed heartily at this shuffle, which I compared to the *bullying shuffle* of Falstaff: "*I call thee coward, HAL! I'd see thee*

"*dama'd*, 'ere I'd call thee coward!" This Cleary, who, after reading my attacks upon the Baronet, and after witnessing his intrigue with the Rump for putting forward Kinnaird in order to keep you out; this Cleary, with all this knowledge of characters and of the real views of the parties, becomes so open, the avowed, the brazen-faced, the shameless agent of the skulking Baronet! Talk of miracles, indeed! Of miracles wrought by fasting and prayer! What are these compared with a handful of bank notes!

The very act of joining the Baronet; this act on the part of Cleary, who had spoken of him as of a coward, or traitor, was base enough; but, to become his chief agent in the annoying and assailing of Mr. HUNT was truly detestable. However, this man must be regarded as being, of himself, *nothing at all*. He was a mere hired Secretary of the Hampden Club; and he has now been the mere servant of Bardett as completely as old John, the Porter, is the Baronet's servant. To view this Cleary in any other light would be not only ridiculous, but, it would be to do great injustice. Cleary is a thing, here to day and gone to-morrow; we must not, therefore, suffer the sins of the skulking Baronet to be carried away by such a scape-goat. Cleary has been the agent, and nothing more than the agent. When the Rump had resolved on Kinnaird, they detached Cleary to affect friendship for you, and to aid others in setting you up against Mr. Hunt; but, as soon as

it was discovered, that Kinnaird would not pass; as soon as it was discovered, that the people would not listen to Kinnaird, then Cleary, having negotiated your resignation, becomes the agent of the Baronet to procure him a seat, at all events, and to calumniate Mr. Hunt if necessary.

Mr. Hunt, seeing the game that was playing by this under mountebank, thought it necessary to warn the people against him, and to tell them *who he was* and *what he was*; for the gentleman, in virtue of the purse of his principal, had now begun to talk in big terms, and even to prescribe lines of conduct to the candidates. He, this Secretary of the Hampden Club; this seryant of the Baronet, had the impudence to call upon Mr. Hunt to withdraw! Observe, too, that this Cleary had now openly gone back to that very Rump that had kept you out by a vile intrigue with the Baronet. This was a pretty personage to dictate to Mr. Hunt what he should do! This insolence on the part of the Baronet's agent and the cheatery which the Rump was daily and hourly practising, rendered it necessary for Mr. Hunt to expose their atrocious conduct on the subject of *Brandreth* and the *Derbymen*. It was necessary for him; it was a duty in him; it was an indispensable duty in him to make known the fact, that the *Baronet's Rump* had been averse from the *Derbymen* having able counsel to defend them. If Mr. HUNT had kept this fact a secret from the people, and that, too, while this very gang were at work to fill a seat in parliament, he would have forfeited

a large part of the claim which he had to public confidence.

This proof of the fact of the hostility of the Rump against the Derbyshire Resisters was contained in a letter from Cleary (as Secretary of the Rump) to Mr. Hunt, which letter had been written on the 10th of October, 1817. Mr. Hunt, in a letter to me, written in March, 1818, told me of this letter from Cleary respecting the Derbymen. In my answer, I urged him to make the letter from Cleary (as secretary of the Rump) public as soon as possible; because I, who was fully convinced of the roguish tricks which the Rump would endeavour to play YOU, thought, that a timely exposure of their baseness and cruelty with regard to the Derbymen would tend to counteract their schemes for selling the seats in Westminster, which I knew they would attempt. Whether Mr. Hunt had, before the election, received my answer to his March letter, I know not; but, at any rate, his publication of the Rump's letter was no more than an act of duty; and, especially at a moment, when the Rump were doing their utmost to destroy even the possibility of our ever obtaining a Reform of the Parliament. This Letter; this atrocious Letter of Cleary, as mouth-piece of the Rump, was, it appears, in the following words:

"Copy of Mr. Cleary's Letter to Mr. Hunt, in answer to his Letter, earnestly requesting him to call a Public Meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in order to promote a subscription to defray the expenses of (seeing counsel) to defend the prisoners, prosecuted by the Government for High Treason at Derby.

London, 10th Oct. 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"BEFORE I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, West called upon me to consult on what was best to be done to afford assistance to the unfortunate Derbymen. We had a meeting on Wednesday evening last, of a few friends, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, which ended in adjourning without doing any thing. Difficulties so great presented themselves, that it has, upon consideration, been thought most advisable not to attempt a public subscription for the present. THE MAJOR HAS STRONG REASONS AGAINST IT. We, Reformers, are far from wishing to countenance or identify ourselves with any men guilty of murder, robbery, or riot. Had it not been for acts of this kind, the People would, by this time, have been united as one man, in demanding their Rights in a way the boro' mongers would have found irresistible. Instead of this, what a situation are we brought to, by the foolish, not to say wicked, conduct of violent and imprudent men! It makes me mad when I think of it; particularly after all the prudent counsel and constitutional knowledge which had been rung in their ears almost daily, and by none more anxiously and indefatigably than yourself. By them, and them only, has our friend Cobbett, our stay and pillar, been expatriated. By them, and them only, have our lives and liberties been taken from the protection of the law, and placed at the mercy of the most vile, and wicked, and abandoned men, that ever cursed a country, or that God permitted to plague mankind. I COULD ALMOST HANG THEM MYSELF for playing the game of the tyrants so well, so convinced am I of the irreparable mischief they have done; yet I would not like to see a political hanging of men for a crime they have not committed, to serve the hellish objects of a faction, to enslave the People; and upon this ground I should most willingly afford every co-operation in my power to forward your benevolent desire, if there was any way in which I could be of service; for I have not that personal delicacy now, unfortunately so much in vogue. I think the Whigs feel some anxiety about the issue of the present trial;—an acquittal would afford them excellent matter for

"speechifying against Ministers, and therefore it is, I fancy they would readily assist if an application was made to them. Something of this kind is partially under consideration, but the time is so short, that I am afraid it will not be of any benefit to the poor prisoners. Here we are actually worn out by subscriptions, and that to pay Harmer his bill, who behaved so well, *halts considerably*, and will probably become an abortion.

"I would have written before, but had nothing satisfactory to communicate. Finnerty goes to Derby to report. He told me he would speak to Perry, whom he expected would give something. I have been thinking of asking Perry to write to some of the Whigs, and as I am just going to dine with my best friend, the kind and honest Major, I shall speak to him on the subject. His Bill is printing, and will be out in a few days. What are you doing in Bristol in petitioning by twentys? I find it generally approved, but not much active exertion as yet. To me it appears, under the circumstances, an admirable plan, if extensively adopted.

"With sincerely hoping that we shall, after all, at no distant period, see our enslaved country restored to its rights, laws, and liberties,

"I remain, with great truth,

"My dear Sir, most faithfully

"and truly yours,

"THOS. CLEARY.

"7, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

"I forgot to say, Finnerty expresses himself sorry for any hasty expression he might have used to you, and will take the first opportunity of saying so personally.

"To Henry Hunt, Esq. Middleton Cottage, Andover."

Now, Sir, in what detestation I must hold the authors of this letter any one may gather from what I wrote on the subject of these Derby trials, long and long before I could possibly have heard of any such letter. When I saw the slippery Baronet loitering in Ireland at the time when the poor men were tried, I, at once, began to ex-

press my indignation at the desertion of those men. I, at once, gave it as my opinion, that, not to go and assist them in person as well as by purse was a most scandalous neglect of duty. So that, the opinion I shall now offer on this letter will not, for it cannot, be ascribed to any desire to add to the people's hatred of the Rump.

What, my dear Sir, is the sum and substance of this letter? Its matter may be thus divided: It asserts, 1st, That the Rump are unable to assist the poor men; 2nd, That the men have been guilty of crimes, the crimes of murder, robbery, and riot; 3rd, That it is acts, on the part of the people, such as these men have been guilty of, which have caused Cobbett to leave the country, and which have caused all the tyrannical laws to be passed; 4th, That the writer of the letter, the secretary of the Rump, could almost hang the men himself; 5th, That YOU have strong reasons against a public subscription for the purpose of endeavouring to save the lives of these men.

Let us now, my dear Sir, examine these assertions one by one. 1st, That the Rump are *unable* to give pecuniary assistance to the Derby-men, even in the amount of lawyers' fees. This is a curious fact, if fact it be; for, this was the wretched state of their finances in October 1817; but, we find them, in July, 1818, able to expend, according to their own account, £800 for St. Pocomo's election, and to venture to contract a debt of £300 besides! What an "improvement in their revenue"! Their low state of

1817 war, I suppose, owing to "sudden transition from war to peace"! This "*reculsiion*" being got over, "things had come about again"! Base hypocrites? Vulgar impostors! As if they could impose upon the people of England, in such a manner, at this time! As if they could make the world believe, that they had raised, or could raise, by a subscription, *eleven hundred pounds* for promoting the election of a man hated by the few and despised by the many! A man towards whom not one single soul in the country has a really *friendly* feeling; and who is, at bottom, despised, even by the wretches, whose adulation he purchases. *Who* was there to give eleven hundred pounds sterling for promoting the election of such a man? It is said, that Cleary can produce the books; the account-books. I dare say he can, and with all the items very neatly arranged, and all the balances drawn to a fraction; even a *decimal fraction*! If Cleary cannot do this of himself, his associate in the affair of the forged letter will, I am sure, easily enable him to do it. Between them, they will *face-up* an account, I'll warrant them. Crow-quill pens, old ink, sharp pen-knives, good pounce, and a long and clean thumb-nail, are the tools for making an account balance; and, Cleary's associate, in the affair of the Botley letter, handles these tools with a degree of dexterity hardly credible. The Baronet was *very well acquainted with the great talent of this operator*; and, it is to him that I have no scruple to attribute, not the forgery, but the

train which led to it. However, I am here wandering from my point, which is, the utter improbability of the Rump getting together, by subscription, £800, when, we see, that, *if they told truth*, they could not raise a shilling for the purpose of saving the lives of Brandreth and his gallant associates. But, as to the *election-expences*, they did not cost, for the Baronet, less than £20,000, instead of £1,100. I know the way that money goes at a Westminster election. It cost poor Mr. PAUL £15,000 besides what was subscribed. It cost my Lord Cochrane, first election, more than £12,000. And, what, then, must it have cost the Baronet, who had plenty to pay with, who had an enormous object at stake, who saw himself on the verge of everlasting shame, and who, be it remembered, had had *the show of hands against him*, and was, at the end of the third day, below the Whig and the Pittite on the poll! Not a farthing would this election have cost him, had it not been for the attacks on him by me and Mr. Hunt. The Rump would have carried him in with Kinnaird as quietly as a mouse moves. No rotten borough would have been furnished with members with less noise, or with more decorum. My attacks on the Baronet arose out of his own base desertion of us; so that, in the end, you see, this desertion has been a pretty costly affair. And, indeed, the end is not yet come; nor any thing like the end. This base act of desertion has not been, in any degree, atoned for; and has not received a thou-

randth part of its punishment. The desertion, then, was bad in policy as well as in morality. It has already been a *dear* desertion; but, had it not been for *me* (and I say it with pride), this base act of desertion would never have been punished at all. You might have *reasoned* and *prayed*, till this time; but, you would never have driven the deserter from his house-holder project; to which, indeed, he will now again return, being seated for a probable year or two, and, as he hopes, *for* *aven*. If I had held my tongue as to the Baronet's desertion, and as to the Rump's intrigues with him, the election would have cost him only a few hampers of wine, and a few bits of plate for the members of the Rump. As the thing now stands, he is no gainer: he has begun to lose by his act of base desertion: and, before we conclude, that act shall cost him a great deal more. He shall, as long as he lives, have cause to remember the 18th and 19th of February, 1817. His baseness has already cost him £20,000. And that sum he will find only a beginning of the cost. *Gibbs* and *Ellenborough* have no good ground for rejoicing at the effects of their acts towards us. The Baronet, whose baseness far exceeds their's, shall have no better ground for rejoicing at the effects of his acts towards me and the rest of the Reformers. His thousands of pounds spent to secure the "*purity of election*," have come from him like drops of blood; but, again I say, this is a mere trifle compared with the ulti-

mate cost. Ten thousand pounds would have saved the Derby-men's lives and relieved the families of all the dungeoned men; and, if the Baronet had laid out ten thousand, or even two thousand, pounds in *this manner*, he would not have stood in need of bribery at Westminster: it would not have been necessary for him to expose himself to such a creature as Cleary. The Derby men fell for want of counsel; the want of counsel arose from the intrigues of the Rump; because, had the Rump not been depended upon, other persons would have stepped forward; and, it was this fact which it was Mr. Hunt's duty to make known at Covent Garden.

The second assertion in this letter of Cleary, is, that the Derby men had been guilty of *crimes*, the crimes of murder, robbery, and riot. This charge, my dear Sir, is of the same kind as all those charges, which the Baronet has been preferring against the Reformers ever since he became a visitant at the *Brighton Pavilion*. We have gone "*too far*;" we have been "*too violent*." Thus it always is with those who have a mind to abandon their associates. The party to be abandoned are always *accused* of something. They have always *done something wrong*. When the most Apostolic Emperor of Austria, and that faithful person the King of Bavaria, deserted Napoleon, and joined his enemies, they had their *excuses*. They had their shuffles. They had their base and hypocritical pretexts. He had gone *too far*; he had

become *too violent*! Though he was only doing *in earnest*, what they had *pretended they wanted to have done*, and which they themselves were doing *in sham*, and though, if any odds, their clamours against the enemy had been louder than his. This Austrian and Bavarian part was now acted by the Rump, who, though, at their dinner in May, 1817, their Tower-hero had reproached the people with *want of spirit to resist*, the moment the people did resist, called the resisters *murderers and robbers*! Will it be denied that the Derby-men rose *against the Boroughmongers*? If there were no proofs on the trials, there is the *affidavit** of that worthy man, Mr. Stevens, which I sent forward from Philadelphia. It is undoubted, that the Derby-men rose for the purpose of *obtaining their rights by force of arms*. And this is what Cleary calls *robbery, murder, and rioting*! So that, after all the big talk about *resisting oppression*, we come to this; that, if men are defeated in their attempts to resist, they ought to be *hanged as criminals*. What did Brandreth do more than was done by the Whigs at the Revolution? Nay, he did not attempt to do nearly so much; and yet Cleary would have been his *volunteer hangman*! Why, Sir, who will ever again put trust in the declarations of your "*leader*" and his Rump? What part of the people will ever again be foolish enough to listen to their *urgings on*? Why, have we not always foreseen, that

it must come to resistance of the tyrannical Borough usurpers at last? Have we not always said this? Have we not always wished for resistance, unless we could obtain our rights by gentler means? And, are we now to call Brandreth a robber and a murderer, because he attempted to resist? But, it will be said by the base band of the Baronet, that the Derby-men *robbed a house and murdered a man*. How different the same acts appear when committed by different men. When the Whig lords and their revolutionary hands killed the servants of James the Second, and entered houses and took possession of arms and ammunition by force of arms, *they* were not called robbers and murderers. The Derby-men *entered houses and took arms by force*, and, being attacked in order to be obstructed, they *killed the man*, or one of the men, who attacked them. And, what were they to do? Were they, the moment they were attacked or resisted, to *stop, to yield, to surrender*? This would, indeed, be a pretty way of "*resisting oppression*;" this would be to follow the Baronet's own example; for, that gallant "*leader*" has always taken care *to stop in time*. The whole, in the case before us, depends on the simple fact, *whether oppression did, or did not, exist in England*, at the time when the Derbymen took up arms; for, it is quite clear, that they armed and rose against the thing called the government; a fact, which the brave sufferers never denied, and a fact proved on the oath of Mr. Stevens, one of the most active accou-

* Published in the Register, No. 18, Vol. 33.

plices, and which oath was voluntarily made at Philadelphia. *Did oppression exist, then; or did it not exist?* If it did, the Derbymen were lawfully armed, and were carrying on *lawful war*. They had a right to enter houses for arms, for the purpose of disarming, or, for the purpose of taking post in those houses; and, they had a right to fight against, to make prisoners of, or to kill, any persons who might oppose them by force. If, therefore, oppression *did exist*, they had a full and clear right to do all that they did; nay, all that was alleged against them, and a great deal more. And, if *oppression did not exist*, all that they had been told by me, by others, and especially by *you*, was *wholly false!* They were a set of men deluded and deceived by us; and it was we, and not they, who ought to have been hanged and beheaded. It was, in this case, *you*, my dear Sir, to hang whom the "Reformer" Cleary ought to have volunteered his services.

The third assertion of this Letter is, that it was acts like those committed by the Derbymen, which *caused all the tyrannical laws to be passed, and which caused me to leave the country*. Then we are *all liars*. We are all impudent liars, my dear Sir; and we ought never again to be believed; for, we have constantly asserted, that the savage and base acts were passed, not on account of any acts of riot, or of violence, or on account of any seditious designs on the part of the people; but, for the sole purpose of *stifling the voice of truth*. What

acts of this sort were there to provoke the hellish gagging and dungeon-bills? Can Mr. Cleary tell us? In short, this is an atrocious falshood: it is saying precisely what was said by Stewart, Walter, and William Gifford. It is a joining in language those whom the writer of this letter will, I suppose, very soon join in all other respects.

That the fourth assertion is true I have no doubt: I have no doubt, that Cleary would have cheerfully gone down to act as the hangman of those, whom the Baronet had first stimulated to action and then deserted. But, I never can believe, that *you* had *objections* to a subscription for the raising of money to employ counsel to save the lives of our brave and unfortunate brother Reformers. This must be false. It must be a wicked slander; for, you love justice too well, and your heart is too humane, to make it possible for you to have entertained such a thought. No: the objection originated with the *Rump*, and only with the *Rump*; and herein we have a decided proof of their perfidy. A decided proof of their base treachery towards the cause of Reform; but, who could expect any thing else from men, who were *plotting against you?*

Now, Sir, what were the circumstances, under which Mr. HUNT made this letter public? They were these: this same *Rump* had just been intriguing with Kinnaird and the Baronet, and the object of the vile intrigue was, to keep you out of parliament. This fact you have since clearly established under your own hand.

The same Rump, having failed in their intrigue, as far as related to the putting of Kinnaird in, but having succeeded in the keeping of you out, were, at the time when Mr. Hunt made known the Letter, desperately engaged in an endeavour to keep him out. They had, first, by their organ, Cleary, called upon him to resign; and, finding that he would not resign at their command, they had begun to assail him in the most calumnious style. Cleary was the mouth-piece upon this occasion: he was the organ of their vile efforts. Scoundrels were hired to put forth accusations, which the Rump dared not put forth. And, in this state of things it was, that Mr. HUNT made known the contents of Cleary's Letter on the subject of the Derbyren. It was a letter from a person, who was the agent of the Rump then, and the agent of Burdett now; and its contents were necessary to be known to the people: the only fault on the part of Mr. Hunt was, that the letter was not made public before.

However, let the question, as to this letter, stand as it may; let it be thought proper, or improper, in Mr. Hunt to publish this letter; let it be thought fair or unfair; let it be what it may as to this letter, what had this letter to do with a letter, written by me from Botley, in the year 1808, touching my opinion, or, rather, my guess, at a certain point in the most private department of Mr. Hunt's private life? The letter, which Cleary read as mine, was, as to the part of it relating to Mr. Hunt, a forgery.

Or, at least, this is what I declare relating to it. That I have no recollection of ever having written such a letter; that I never entertained, to the best of my recollection, the thought contained in the letter; that I did, at the time, know but very little of the circumstances alluded to in the letter; that I am ready to make oath, that I have not the smallest recollection of ever having written such a letter; and that, as far as relates to Mr. Hunt and his family affairs, I firmly believe the letter to be a forgery. You will observe, that Cleary does not name the person, to whom the letter was written. Let him do that. Let that person be a credible person. Let that person be one who has never forged. Let it be a person, whom I cannot show to have been a forger. Let all this be, and then let the letter be clearly proved to be in my hand writing; let it be submitted, with all its parts, to Mr. Hunt himself, and let him say, that he believes the whole of the letter to be in my hand writing; and then I will own the letter to be mine.

But, all this aside, what a rascally thing was the publishing of this letter! What provocation had I given to Cleary? What had I done to authorize him to publish a private letter written by me ten years before? What had I done to induce him to publish this mark of my having been hasty and inconsiderate? What had I done to him, that he should make this vile and infamous attack upon me? What had I done to him, that he should

resort to such means to make thoughtless persons take up a prejudice against me? His object was twofold: to gail Mr. HUNT; and to throw discredit on my opinions, judgment, and veracity. And what had I done to him to justify such a proceeding in him? My judgment and my exertion had saved *his* bacon! He owed me a debt of gratitude. And this was the way, in which he thought proper to pay it off. But, there was in the same letter, something in praise of an act of the Baronet! This was intended to say to the public: "this is the man, *who now censures the Baronet.*" To be sure, this would have no weight with persons of sense; but, the tool knew that it would afford a ground for misrepresentation and calumny. He knew that; and, therefore, I ask again, what I had done to him to merit such treatment from his hands?

He will say, perhaps, that the letter was *not written to him*; that it was not *confided to him*; and, that, therefore, he did not betray private trust. No: he was only the agent and the tool. I allow that. He was not the originator of the perfidy, because he had not been trusted: he was only the agent of another in obtaining the letter from the man who possessed it, and who, I am very certain, was *well paid* for giving it up to be employed for the Baronet's use. Let the world judge of the state of degradation of this man, who is driven to make use of such means; who can catch at a private letter, written ten years back,

containing a word of praise on himself and a stroke of censure on the private character of his openly avowed opponent! All things considered, the attempt to embroil me with Mr. Hunt was, perhaps, the very meanest, that ever was made by mortal man, especially as the chief mover, the employer, the hirer, kept himself out of sight.

However, all the other parts of this transaction sink wholly out of sight, when we cast our eyes on the attack on *the lady*! Hunt had read Cleary's letter: Hunt had attacked the Baronet; I had attacked the Baronet; I had recommended Hunt; I had assailed the Rump. We had, between us, offended all the parties. But, *the lady*, what had she done, that she was, in this manner, this base manner, to be held up under the most odious of all appellations to the public? What had *she done*? There are hypocrites to pretend, that the Baronet's son's being in the army; in the standing army in time of peace; in the Prince's own regiment; under the command of a foreigner, in open violation of law: there are hypocrites to pretend, that *this* is a matter, with which *the people have nothing to do*; that it is *a private, a family*, affair; and that we ought not to say a word about it; that it is *personal*; that it is indelicate, to say a word *about this matter*. Yet these vile hypocrites can approve, I suppose, of the attack on *the lady* in question! This, I suppose, they would call *a public matter*, though the lady had never opened her lips as to public matters in all her life! Did

you, my dear Sir, approve of this attack? No: and, though I know you must have reprobated it, your reprobation must have fallen short of its due severity, because you were not, I dare say, aware, that the Baronet had, for many days at a time, enjoyed the company of this same lady at her own table and by her fire-side! At the time here alluded to, he was not ignorant of any of the circumstances of that connection, which his agent and the virtuous Rump now take such pains to render odious. He was fully informed of all the circumstances. Yet he was, or affected to be, extremely well pleased under the roof of Mr. Hunt. What baseness is it, then, now to send an agent to make such an attack! To what straits must a man be driven, when he can resort to such detestable means of assailing his adversary!

Still, however, to do this by *deputy* is worse than it would have been to do it in person. There is a meanness in the disguise, from which the open villainy would have been exempt. To live a murderer, is ten thousand times more wicked than to commit a murder. The tyrants, who employ agents, whether in wigs and gowns or in caps or red coats, to rob and kill the people, are far more wicked than they would be if they committed the acts in their own persons. There needs, to prove that Cleary and the Rump were the agents of the Baronet, in this detestable transaction, nothing more than the facts, that Cleary rode the milk-white charger (emblem of

purity) before him in his St. Pocomo procession; and that this same Cleary was afterwards the most conspicuous actor at the dinner. There needs nothing more than these facts to prove the connection between the parties, and to prove the approbation, and, indeed, the prompting, on the part of the Baronet.

The hypocrites, who pretended that the son's office in the bayonet trade in time of peace was a *private affair*, with which the public had nothing to do, may, perhaps, pretend, that to expose the Baronet's *frailties*; his *faux pas*; his *pa-pa tricks*; would be *indicate*. But, really, I have wondered at the forbearance of Mr Hunt! It is pretty well known, that it was Hunt's mention of *a lady pensioner*, in his first Spa-fields speech, that offended the Baronet upon that occasion. And, it was a lie too; for Mr. Hunt *did not* mention the lady: it was the miscreant news-papers, who mentioned the lady for him; and, that, too, for the very purpose of effecting the object that was effected! However, we shall not act the part of the Baronet. We shall not retaliate by holding forth any body as a "*whore*." We, or, I, at least, shall not go this length. But, I am resolved to strip the Rump stark-naked, filthy as the sight will be. It is nonsense to say, that this can do no good to the cause: *good is always done when a hypocrite is unveiled*.

This job shall, therefore, be faithfully performed as soon as I have dispatched another subject or two of greater importance.

In the meanwhile I remain, my dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

P. S. I see, that a *dinner* has been held in honour of you, KINNAIRD in the chair, the *Baronet as spouter*, and *Cleary manager*! You think, I am sure, that all this tends to the good of the cause. It was a mere trick to prevent your open hostility. Your letter on the Rump, which letter was dated on the eleventh of July, had frightened the whole band of intriguers. They saw the danger of an open separation from you! and this scheme was fallen upon to conciliate you, and to deceive the people. However, the Rump cannot *rub out* your letter of the eleventh of July. It must remain. They hope, that you will not live long to stand in the way of their intrigues, in which hope they will, I trust, be disappointed. The intrigues are all in vain. There will be no Reform as long as the paper-money lasts; and, when that is gone, the intrigues will soon be forgotten and the intriguers too.

I hear, that there is an *Unitarian Priest*, at Liverpool, who is very busy in telling what he has been shown (as he says) *by Brookes*. It is, he says, *a letter from the Baronet to me, in answer to one from me to him, touching a debt I owe him*. What a *refined mode of spreading calumny*! To a man of common mind it would have occurred, that the natural way was to write to me and send me the letter; and, if publicity were right and proper,

to publish my letter along with the answer. But, to a man of such excessive *purity*, it occurred, that the best way was to write an answer, and to deposit it at the back-biting shop in the Strand, to be read without the thing to which it pretended to be an answer. Verily this is become a most foolish, as well as a most mean and most malignant man; all which if I do not *prove*, let me pass for the vile man that I declare him to be. In the meanwhile, I hereby call upon him to publish my letter to him with its enclosure, which enclosure is a copy of a letter from me to Mr. Tipper.

I hear, that you have asked *why* I remain here now. I have *no secrets*, and I will frankly tell you. The main object of my life is to destroy, or, assist in destroying, the tyranny of the Boroughmongers; that tyranny, which sent me to Newgate for expressing my indignation at seeing Englishmen flogged, in the heart of England, under the superintendence of German Bayonets; that tyranny, which prepared a dungeon for me in 1817, and which has now a gag in hand for me. This tyranny drove me from an income of ten thousand a-year. By this act, it placed me in a state, as to pecuniary matters, which disables me, for the present, from coping with it *there*. I am *doing here* that which will, in a short time, enable me to cope with it, in spite of *gags, dungeons, and censorships*. I am in hopes of being able to leave this country next summer; and to leave behind me that which will, at all times, enable me

to laugh at the grasp of the Borough-villains. I have, besides, the subject of *Paper-Puff-Out* yet to think about, to talk about, and, perhaps, to act relating to. The combat between me and those cruel villains is *no joke*. I care for nothing, which is not, either directly or indirectly, connected with my views of hostility against those diabolical tyrants. I can see no good that could arise from my immediate return. The villains *are exposed*. All the world knows them; and the great mass of the people cordially hates them. I know that the new parliament will make no change for the better. There is not a man in that set to co-operate with: not a single man. A little froth is all we shall see; and, whether I see it six weeks sooner, or six weeks later, is of no consequence. I am, in all respects, so well situated in this country, that I should never think of removing from it, were it not

for *public purposes*: and, indeed, I intend to do it, and shall do it, *only* for the sake of assisting my countrymen in their war against the tyrants. That war is now carried on by nobody but the *Blanketteers*, and one or two public writers. The Wilsons and Waithmans will do just nothing at all. I should like to be present, for a week or two, to laugh at their patriotic efforts; but the gratification would be bought too dearly by a voyage of only an hour long. The "*leader*" Sir Francis, will have a ticklish part to play. He will be *wary*; and yet he must *talk big*; or else be, at once, extinguished. The "*SIGNOR*" will cut a strange figure. He will have a monstrous desire to *shine*; but, if he attempt it, the Lord have mercy on his soul; and, yet, if he do not, he is a lost man. The people will, however, not be *cheated* this time. They have *no dependence* upon any of these people.

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